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POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

In gude auld times when bonny lasses
In farthingales did go to masses,
When ringlets hung about their necks,
In native curls, and antic freaks,
Ere love was ever taught to smother
The flame that's burning for another,
Ere modern dames of wild caprices
To daughters taught, and maids and misses
The art of love—dissimulation,
And tortured bodies into fashion,
Or lashed the flesh and soul together
With thong of whale-bone, busk or leather;
For fear the heart in wandering plight
Might, at some rustic beau take flight,
And 'gainst the sides so hard might bounce
As break its prison-house, and flounce
In open air about creation,
And fright the dandies of the nation;
(What had could see a lady's heart
Dance in mid air, and would not start?)
Before it was a breach of fashion
For lass to breathe the full respiration;
Then passed the sports of gleeful youth
In all simplicity of truth.
The lips unchained did full impart
The true impressions of the heart.
The sexes gambolled, chirped and chattered,
Ogled, winked, and smiled, and flattered.
They moved the dance and cracked the joke,
And spoke as Eve to Adam spoke.
False modesty in crimson flushes
Ne'er tinged the artless cheek with blushes.
No artful dame, no wily maid
Their subtle toils for lovers laid:
Now act the beau—and this the token,
In action brought for promise broken,
To prove your faith and vows are plighted,
And order Misses' wrongs be righted.
Return the smile—enough to prove
That you are wofully in love:
Now crack a joke—the tale will spread
That loves' delusions craze your head:
Tall Miss's bright—your doom is sealed,
The marriage contract you've revealed:
Of raptures speak that ne'er were felt—
At Hyman's shrine, she'll swear you've knelt:
Even drink her health—if not allied,
'Tis fixed—she's doomed your lawful bride:
Resist her charms—eternal woe
Shall heap upon your head of snow:
Villain she'll cry; what! wrench away
The rainbow of life's brightest day!
Domestic love which I was fancy'ng,
In airy phantoms, now is dancing;
My fancied joys—hymeneal bliss
With all my boasted happiness,
A phantom to divide my sorrow,
A banquet-house, to bliss the morrow,
Will never have existence, never,
And I must dance coquette forever.
If thus you'll be the maiden's curse,
Bestow your heart, or dower your purse:
Boots to me—A silver plaster
Is antidote in such disaster;
A verdict of a thousand pounds
Will cure a lover's deepest wounds;
A half a dozen verdicts more,
Such wounds as often will heal o'er;
Juries well know what healing art
Restores a lady's broken heart.

TEASEL THORNBUSH.

From the Savannah Georgian.

MASTER MASON'S HYMN.

Composed by brother John H. Sheppard, Master of Lincoln Lodge.

TEASEL THORNBUSH.

Al! when shall we three meet like them,
Who last were at Jerusalem;
For three there were, and one is not—
He lies whose Cassia marks the spot!
Tho' poor he was, with Kings he trod;
Tho' great, he humbly knelt to God;
Al! when shall those restore again,
The broken link of friendship's chain?
Behold! where mourning beauty bent,
In silence o'er his monument,
And wildly spread in sorrow hair,
The ringlets of her flowing hair.
The future Sons of grief shall sigh,
While standing round in mystic lie,
And raise their hands ALAS! to heaven,
In anguish that no hope is given.
From whence we came, or whither go,
Ask me no more, nor seek to know,
'Till three shall meet, who formed like them,
The GRAND LODGE at Jerusalem!

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

Noting, ere they pass away,
The little lines of yesterday.

'Life's little lines,' how short, how faint!
How fast they fade away!
Its highest hopes, its brightest joys
Are compassed in a day.
Youth's bright, and mild, and morning light,
Its sunshine, and its showers;
Its hope and fears, its loves and tears,
Its heedless happy hours;
And manhood's high and brightened noon,
Its honors, dangers, cares;
The parent's pains, the parent's joys,
The parent's anxious prayers.

Fade, in old age's evening gray,
The twilight of the mind:
Then, sink in death's long, dreamless night,
And leave no trace behind.

Yet though so changing and so brief,
Our life's eventful page,
It has its charms for every grief,
Its joys for every age.

In youth's, in manhood's golden hours,
Love, friendships, strew the way,
With April's earliest, sweetest flow'rs,
And all the bloom of May.

And when old age, with wintry hand,
Has frosted o'er the head,
Virtue's fair fruits survive the blast,
When all beside are fled.

And faith, with pure, unwar'ring eye,
Can pierce the gathered gloom;
And smile upon the spoiler's rage,
And live beyond the tomb.

Be ours, then, virtue's deathless charm;
And faith's untiring flight;
Then shall we rise, from death's dark sleep,
To worlds of cloudless light.

[Songs by the way.]

MONITOR.

FROM THE MAINE INQUIRER.

Mr. EATON.—By inserting in your paper the following Sermon, on "The duties of Children," delivered in Boston, April 12, 1807, by Rev. W. E. Channing, you will gratify one who has read it many times with the greatest pleasure, and who would recommend it to the attention of parents and children. I would earnestly recommend to young persons to read it several times attentively, and endeavor to treasure up and practice the precept it contains.

A FRIEND OF YOUTH.

EPHESIANS VI. 1, 2.—Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise.

From these words I propose to point out the duties of children to their parents. My young friends, let me ask your serious attention. I wish to explain to you the honor and obedience which you are required to render your parents; and to impress you with the importance, excellence, and happiness of this temper and conduct.

It will be observed, in the progress of this discourse that I have chiefly in view the youngest part of my hearers: But I would not on this account be supposed to intimate, that those who have reached more advanced periods of life, are exempted from the obligation of honoring their parents. However old we may be, we should never forget that tenderness, which watched over our infancy, which listened to our cries before we could articulate our wants, and was never weary with ministering to our comfort and enjoyments. There is scarcely any thing more interesting than to see the man retaining the respect and gratitude, which belong to the child; than to see persons, who have come forward into life, remembering with affection the guides and friends of their youth, and laboring by their kind and respectful attention to cheer the declining years, and support the trembling infirmities of those, whose best days were spent in solitude and exertion for their happiness and improvement. He who suffers any objects or pursuits to shut out a parent from his heart, who becomes so weaned from the breast which nourished and the arms which cherished him, as coldly to forsake a parent's dwelling, and neglect a parent's comfort, not only renounces the dictates of religion and morality, but deserves to be cast out from society, as a stranger to the common sensibilities of human nature.

In the observations I am now to make, all who have parents should feel an interest; for some remarks will apply to all. But I shall principally confine myself to those, who are so young as to depend on the care and to live under the eye of their parents: who surround a parent's table, dwell beneath a parent's roof, and hear continually a parent's voice. To such the text addresses itself, "Honor and obey your father and mother."

I shall now attempt to explain and enforce what is here required of you.

First, you are required to view and treat your parents with respect. Your tender, inexperienced age requires that you think of yourselves with humility, that you conduct with modesty, that you respect the superior age and wisdom and improvements of your parents, and observe towards them a submissive deportment. Nothing is more unbecoming in you, nothing will render you more unpleasant in the eyes of others, than forward or contemptuous conduct towards your parents. There are children, and I wish I could say there are only a few, who speak to their parents with rudeness, grow sullen at their rebukes, behave in their presence as if they deserved no attention, hear them speak without noticing them, and rather ridicule than honor them. There are many children at the present day, who think more highly of themselves than of their elders; who think that their own wishes are first to be gratified; who abuse the condescension and kindness of their parents, and treat them as servants rather than superiors.

Beware, my young friends, lest you grow up with this assuming and selfish spirit. Regard your parents as kindly given you by God, to support, direct, and govern you in your present state of weakness and inexperience. Express your respect for them in your manner and conversation. Do not neglect those outward signs of dependence and inferiority which suit your age. You are young, and you should therefore take the lowest place, and rather retire than thrust yourselves forward into notice. You have much to learn, and you should therefore hear instead of seeking to be heard. You are dependent, and you should therefore ask instead of demanding what you desire, and you should receive every thing from your parents as a favor and not as a debt. I do not mean to urge upon you a slavish fear of your parents. Love them and love them ardently; but mingle a sense of their superiority with your love. Feel a confidence in their kindness; but let not this confidence make you rude and presumptuous, and lead to indecent familiarity. Talk to them with openness and freedom; but never contradict with violence; never answer with passion or contempt.

The Scriptures say, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother." "The eye that mocketh at his father, the ravens of the valley shall

pluck it out, and the young ravens shall eat it." The sacred history teaches us, that when Solomon, on his throne saw his mother approaching him, he rose to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and caused a seat to be set for her on his right hand. Let this wise and great king teach you to respect your parents.

Secondly, You should be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them. The time has been, and it was not a long time past, when you depended wholly on their kindness, when you had no strength to make a single effort for yourselves, when you could neither speak, nor walk, and knew not the use of any of your powers. Had not a parent's arm supported you, you must have fallen to the earth and perished. Observe with attention the infants, which you so often see, and consider that a little while ago you were as feeble as they are; you were only a burden & a care, and yet had nothing, with which you could repay your parents' affection. But did they forsake you? How many sleepless nights have they been disturbed by your cries? When you were sick, how tenderly did they hang over you! With what pleasure have they seen you grow up in health to your present state; and what do you now possess, which you have not received from their hands? God indeed is your great parent, your best friend, and from him every good gift descends; but God is pleased to bestow every thing upon you through the kindness of your parents. To your parents you owe every comfort; you owe to them the shelter you enjoy from the rain and cold, the raiment which covers, and the food which nourishes you. While you are seeking amusement, or are employed in gaining knowledge at school, your parents are toiling that you may be happy, that your wants may be supplied, that your minds may be improved, that you may grow up and be useful in the world. And when you consider how often you have forfeited all this kindness, and yet how ready they have been to forgive you, and to continue their favors, ought you not to look upon them with the tenderest gratitude? What greater monster can there be than an unthankful child, whose heart is never warmed and melted by the daily expressions of parental solicitude; who, instead of requiting his best friend by his affectionate conduct, is sullen and passionate, and thinks that his parents have done nothing for him, because they will not do all he desires? My young friends, your parents' hearts have ached enough for you already; you should strive from this time, by your expressions of gratitude and love, to requite their goodness. Do you ask how you may best express these feelings of respect and gratitude, which have been enjoined? In answer, I would observe,

Thirdly, That you must make it your study to obey your parents, to do what they command, and do it cheerfully. Your own hearts will tell you that this is a most natural and proper expression of honor and love. Yet how often do we see children opposing their wills to the will of their parents; refusing to comply with absolute commands; growing more obstinate, the more they are required to do what they dislike; and at last sullenly and unwillingly obeying, because they can no longer refuse without exposing themselves to punishment. Consider, my young friends, that by such conduct you very much displease God, who has given you parents, that they may control your passions and train you up in the way you should go. Consider how much better they can decide for you than you can for yourselves. You know but little of the world in which you live. You hastily catch at every thing which promises you pleasure; and unless the authority of a parent should restrain you, you would soon rush into ruin, without a thought of a fear. In pursuing your own inclinations your health would be destroyed, your minds would run waste, you would grow up slothful, selfish, a trouble to others, and burdensome to yourselves. Submit them cheerfully to your parents. Have you not experienced their goodness long enough to know that they wish to make you happy, even when their commands are most severe? Prove then your sense of their goodness by doing cheerfully what they require. When they oppose your wishes, do not think that you have more knowledge than they. Do not receive their commands with a sour, angry, sullen look, which says louder than words, that you obey only because you dare not rebel. If they deny your requests, do not persist in urging them; but consider how many requests they have already granted you. Consider that you have no claim upon them, and that it will be base and ungrateful for you, after all their tenderness, to murmur and complain. Do not expect that your parents are to give up every thing to your wishes; but study to give up every thing to theirs. Do not wait for them to threaten; but when a look tells you what they want, fly to perform it. This is the way in which you can best reward them for all their pains and labors. In this way you will make their houses pleasant and cheerful. But if you are disobedient, perverse and stubborn, you will be uneasy yourselves, and will make all around you unhappy. You will make home a place of contention, noise and anger; and your best friends will have reason to wish that you had never been born. A disobedient child almost always grows up ill-natured and disobedient to all with whom he is connected. None love him, and he has no heart to love any but himself. If you would be amiable in love, temper and manner, and desire to be beloved, let me advise you to begin life with giving up your wills to your parents.

Fourthly, You must further express your respect, affection and gratitude by doing all in your power to assist and oblige your parents. Children can very soon make some return for the kindness they receive. Every day you can render your parents some little service, and often save them many cares, and sometimes not a little expense. There have been children, who in early life have been great supports to their sick, poor, and helpless parents. This is the most honorable way in which you can be employed. You must never think too highly of yourselves to be unwilling to do any thing for those who have done so much for you. You should never let your amusements take such hold of your minds, as to make you slothful, backward and unwilling, when you are called to serve your parents. Some children seem to think that they have nothing to seek but their own pleasure. They will run from every task which is imposed on them; and leave their parents to want many comforts, rather than expose themselves to a little trouble. But consider, had they loved you no better than you love them, how wretched would have been your state! There are some children, who not only refuse to exert themselves for their parents, but add very much to their cares, give them unnecessary trouble, and by carelessness, by wasting, by extravagance, help to keep them in poverty and toil. Such children, as they grow up, instead of seeking to provide for themselves, generally grow more and more burdensome to their friends, and lead useless,

sluggish, and often profligate lives. My young friends, you should be ashamed, after having given your parents so much pain, to multiply their cares and labors unnecessarily. You should learn, very early, to be active in pleasing them, and active in doing what you can for yourselves. Do not waste all your spirits upon play; but learn to be useful. Perhaps the time is coming, when your parents will need as much attention from you; as you have from them; and you should endeavor to form such industrious habits, that you may render their last years as happy, as they have rendered the first years of your existence.

Fifthly, You should express your respect for your parents and your sense of their kindness and superiority, by placing unreserved confidence in them. This is a very important part of your duty. Children should learn to be honest, sincere, and open hearted to their parents. An artful, hypocritical child is one of the most unpromising characters in the world. You should have no secrets which you are unwilling to disclose to your parents. If you have done wrong, you should openly confess it, and ask that forgiveness which a parent's heart is so ready to bestow. If you wish to undertake any thing, ask their consent. Never begin any thing in the hope that you can conceal your design. If you once strive to impose on your parents, you will be led on, from one step to another, to invent falsehoods, to practice artifice, till you will become contemptible and hateful. You will soon be detected, and then none will trust you. Sincerity in a child will make up for many faults. Of children, who are the worst, who watch the eyes of their parents, pretend to obey as long as they see him, but, as soon as they have turned away, does what they have forbidden. Whatever else you do, never deceive. Let your parents always learn your faults from your own lips; and be assured they will never love you the less for your openness and sincerity.

Lastly, You must prove your respect and gratitude to your parents by attending seriously to their instructions and admonitions, and by improving the advantages they afford you for becoming wise, useful, good and happy forever. I hope, my young friends, that you have parents who take care, not only of your bodies, but your souls; who instruct you in your duty, who talk to you of your God and Saviour, who teach you to pray and to read the Scriptures, and who strive to give you such knowledge, and bring you up in such habits, as will lead you to usefulness on earth, and to happiness in heaven. If you have not, I can only pity you; I have little hope that I can do you good by what I have here said. But if your parents are faithful in instructing and guiding you, you must prove your gratitude and affection to God, by listening respectfully and attentively to what they say; by shunning the temptations of which they warn you, and by walking in the paths they mark out before you. You must labor to answer their hopes and wishes, by improving in knowledge; by being industrious at school; by living peaceably with your companions; by avoiding all profane and wicked language; by fleeing bad company; by treating all persons with respect; by being kind and generous and honest, and by loving and serving your Father in heaven. This is the happiest and most delightful way of repaying the kindness of your parents. Let them see you growing up with amiable tempers and industrious habits; let them see you delighting to do good, and learning to offend God; and they will never think you have been a burden. Their fears and anxieties about you will give place to brighter views. They will hope to see you prosperous, respected and beloved in the present world. But if in this they are disappointed, if they are soon to see you stretched on the bed of sickness and death, they will still smile amidst their tears, and be comforted by the thought that you are the children of God, and that you are going to a Father, that loves you better than they. If, on the contrary, you slight and despise their instructions, and suffer your youth to run waste, you will do much to embitter their happiness and shorten their days. Many parents have gone to the grave broken hearted by the ingratitude, perverseness, impiety and licentiousness of their children. My young friends, listen seriously to parental admonition. Beware, lest you pierce with anguish that breast on which you have so often leaned. Beware, lest by early contempt of instruction, you bring yourselves to shame and misery in this world, and draw on your heads still heavier ruin in the world beyond the grave.

Children, I have now set before you your duties. Let me once more beseech you to honor your father and mother. Ever cling to them with confidence and love. Be to them an honor, an ornament, a support, and a joy. Be more than they expect, and if possible be all that they desire. To you they are now looking with an affection which ever fix on you with beams of hope and joy. So live, that the recollection of you may soothe their last hours. May you now walk by their side in the steps of the holy Saviour and through his grace may you meet again in a better and happier world. Amen.

WISDOM.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.—Prov. xiii. 17.

That wisdom which leads young people to seek the knowledge and love of God, and to walk in the ways of practical piety, is the principal thing. The happiness it affords should lead them to diligence in seeking it. The thoughtless and dissipated discover no beauty, no loveliness in the way of piety; although its ways are ways of pleasantness, and its paths are peace. The practice of piety conduces to health of body, to peace of mind, to social comfort; it adds a loveliness, and gives a charm to all the comforts of life; it is attended with safe and comfortable hopes of heaven; it soothes the sorrows of sickness, pain and losses; it extracts the sting of death and banishes the dread of the grave; it presents the most just and lovely views of the excellencies of the character, the justice of his government, and felicities of his children. Those who walk in this way—the exercise of faith, prayer, and watchfulness, are enamoured of its beauties. They can testify that Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less.

PRECONCEIVED OPINION. We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them.

Trace with a rigid exactness the golden dictates of thine own conscience, and thou wilt have no cause to regret; for by taking council of the heart, we are drawn near the line of duty.—And what can counterbalance the cheering smiles of self-approbation?

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.
INTemperance.

Thou pest of society and plague of our land,
Thy march is destructive as Arabia's loose sand.
Like a three-edged sword, at one deadly blow,
Health, Property, Character, all are laid low.
Disease is thy doom, thy punishment pain,
And want and disgrace are seen in thy train.
'Then who (as says Shakespeare) would be at the pains,
To put in his mouth what will steal out his brains?
In temperance, dire demon, how long shall we see,
Columbia's bright prospects thus blighted by thee? C.

DANCING.

Religion does not censure, or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures, harmlessly pursued. COWPER.

The long expected evening come, the ball
Summons its votaries to their much lov'd hall.
Joy fills each breast, and gladness points the way
Where health and pleasure hold united sway.
Each gaily entering, leaves dull care behind,
Gives spleen and melancholy to the wind.
Mirth waves her magic wand unseen in air,
And bids defiance to the approach of care.
With mystic circle shields her favorite place
From all th' intrusions of his demon race.
Now fond inquiries, cordial greetings, prove
Pledges of friendship, harbingers of love;
And true politeness, unconstrain'd by art,
Bespeaks benevolence in every heart.
Beauty and wit and fashions here display
Their charms to fascinate, their power to sway;
And sprightly conversation, pure, refin'd,
Pours forth the richest treasures of the mind.
Sweet music, strike an animating strain,
Lead on the winning graces in thy train,
Teach the light-footed band thy skill to know,
Bid them with varied air, now quick, now slow,
Lead down, cast off, join hands, recede, advance,
In all the mazy movements of the magic dance.

Far hence be envy, jealousy and strife,
Offspring of pride, sworn foe to social life;
Hence let the angry frown of discord cease,
And every smiling feature whisper peace.
Here harmony and sweet affection blend,
Point to one purpose, to one object tend,
Curb the rude passions of the untutor'd soul,
The rough refine, the impetuous controul.
Man, without intercourse, unpolished, rude,
Is still a wilderness, yet unsubdu'd,
With latent powers of rich luxuriance blest,
But wanting cultivation, full a waste.

Harmless amusement strews life's path with flowers,
Delights its gay, beguiles its tedious hours,
Walks with mild influence the soul of youth
To virtue, love, sincerity and truth,
Wipes from the cheek of age, his starting tears,
And smooths his passage down the vale of years.
Eastern Chronicle.

THE TEMPEST.

The tempest has darkened the face of the skies,
The winds whistle wildly across the waste plain,
The flocks of the whirlwind terrific arise,
And mingle the clouds with the white foaming main.
All dark is the night, and gloomy the shore,
Save when the red lightnings the ether divide,
Then follows the thunder with loud sounding roar,
And echoes in concert the billowy tide.

But though now all is murky, and shaded with gloom,
Hope, the soother, soft whispers the tempest shall cease;
Then nature again in her beauty shall bloom,
And enamour'd embrace the fair sweet-smiling peace.

For the bright blushing morning, all rosy with light,
Shall convey on her wings the creator of day,
He shall drive all the tempests and furies of night,
And nature on liv'd again shall be gay.

Then the warblers of spring shall attune the soft lay,
And again the bright fowls shall blush in the vale;
On the breast of the ocean soft zephyrs shall play,
And the sun-beam shall sleep on the hill and the dale.

If the tempest of nature so soon sink to rest,
If her once faded beauties so soon glow again,
Shall man be forever by tempests oppress'd—
By the tempests of passion, of sorrow, and pain?
Ah no! for his passion and sorrow shall cease,
When the trouble-some fever of life shall be o'er;
In the night of the grave he shall slumber in peace,
And passion and sorrow shall vex him no more.
And shall not this night, and its long dismal gloom,
Like the night of the tempest, again pass away?
Yes! the dust of the earth in bright beauty shall bloom,
And rise in the morning of heavenly day!

VARIABLES.

From the Christian Examiner.
ON THE WORKS OF GOD.

The Psalmist contemplated the objects which
night offered to his view, as the works of God;
but with very different thoughts and feelings
from those, with which the science of modern
times has taught us to regard them. He saw
the stars, every where scattered in the depths
of heaven, and the moon, moving steadily
through her appointed course, as if endued with
life and intelligence; and he admired that bene-
ficence, which had displayed before him a
scene so beautiful and solemn, and had made
such provision for the wants of man, when the
light of day is withdrawn. But he had no
thought, that what seemed to him the orna-
mented canopy of the earth, was a universe
speaking on every side. He had no concep-
tion, that those little points, so many of which
manifested themselves only by a faint and in-
terrupted glimmering, were suns, placed at
immense distances from us and from each other,
pouring forth floods of splendor upon systems
of their own. The science of modern times
has taught us, that the number of these
cannot be defined or estimated. The tract of
pale light, which stretches across the sky, ap-
pearing like a thin cloud, which the wind
might disperse, is the united blaze of myriads
of suns. In every portion of the heavens, there
are similar clouds of obscure light, which our
instruments discover, and resolve in like man-
ner into collections of stars. There are other
appearances of the same kind, the particular
stars composing which cannot be separately dis-
cerned by any power of art. There are collec-
tions of suns, systems, some of them proba-
bly of vast grandeur, other universes, if one
may so speak, which discover themselves to
us only by a faint gleam passing over the re-
flector of a telescope. The distance of these

remoter bodies is so vast and measureless, that
we can hardly speak of it except in relation to
the inconceivable swiftness of light. The rays
by which they are now made visible to the eye
of the astronomer, the rapid motion of which
might circle the earth while one is pronoun-
cing a syllable, have been darting forward for
thousands and ten thousands of years to reach
us. All the events and revolutions, which
history records, have taken place during the
conclusion of their progress. They commen-
ced their career, it has been computed, at a pe-
riod of such remote antiquity, that compared
with it, the date of that time, when God gave
the earth to man for habitation, is but of yester-
day.*

But when we have reached the utmost dis-
tance to which the power of our instruments
can penetrate, who will say, that we are ap-
proaching any limits of the creation? who will
say, that, if the disembodied spirits should
travel forward through eternity, numberless
systems would not be continually spreading
before it? All that part of the universe that
we are able to discern, is peopled by inhabi-
tants, who have the common want of heat and
light; who will say, that there are not other
parts of the material universe inhabited by be-
ings of different natures, to whom these wants
are unknown? It is only some portion, we
know not how small, of the material universe,
which is obvious to our senses; who will at-
tempt to define the limits of the invisible
world? who will attempt to set bounds to the
works of infinite power and infinite goodness?

*Dr. Herschell has calculated that the distance of
the remotest of the nebulae, exceeds that of the near-
est fixed star at least three hundred thousand times.
Upon this fact, he thus remarks: 'A telescope with
a power of penetrating into space, like my forty feet
one, has also, as it may be called, a power of pen-
etrating into time past. To explain this, we must
consider, that from the known velocity of light, it
may be proved, that, when we look at Sirius, the rays
which enter the eye cannot have been less than six
years and four months and a half coming from that
star to the observer. Hence it follows, that when we
see an object at the calculated distance, at which one
of these very remote nebulae, may still be perceived,
the rays of light which convey its image to the eye,
must have been more than nineteen hundred and ten
thousand, that is, almost two millions of years on their
way; and that, consequently, so many years ago,
this object must already have had an existence in the
sidereal heavens, in order to send out those rays by
which we now perceive it. See Phil. Trans. for 1800,
pp. 63, 85, and for 1803, pp. 498, 499.

From the New England Farmer.
TICKS IN SHEEP.

WEST BOSTON, (Mass.) Feb. 20, 1825.

Mr. FESSENDEN—It is a common thing for sheep
to be infested with ticks, which frequently
prove very troublesome to them, especially in
the spring season of the year. But the pain
and vexation which they cause the sheep is not
the only evil which they occasion; for the
poor animals when grievously annoyed by
these obnoxious vermin are almost continually
combating their assailants, but instead of over-
coming the enemy or effecting any thing more
than a momentary relief from their suffering,
they gradually pull out and waste their wool
and in this way diminish their fleece to the
small loss of the owner.

As great an evil as this may seem to be, the
remedy is both simple and easy. Boil a small
quantity of tobacco, perhaps what grows on one
good thrifty stalk would be enough for half a
dozen sheep, in so much water as when it is
sufficiently boiled there shall be two or three
gallons of liquor; let it become sufficiently
cool, then open the wool along the centre of
the neck and back of the sheep and with a
brush of tow or some other spongy substance
put on the decoction until the skin becomes
thoroughly moistened therewith, and in a short
time the ticks will all be destroyed, and the
sheep, instead of pulling out and wasting their
wool, by fruitless exertions of self-defence, will
become easy and contented, and suffer their
fleece to remain to be taken off by the shears.

For many years I have taken this method
with my sheep, just before the time of their
lambing and have always found it to have the
desired effect. I very much dislike the foolish
practice of chewing, snuffing, and smoking the
poisonous weed, at least when no better reason
can be given for so doing than fashion or the
force of habit; yet I annually raise a few plants
for the benefit of my sheep, and would recom-
mend to every one who keeps these useful ani-
mals to do the same.

Yours, &c. A YEOMAN.

OPPOSITE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The common drinks of the Japanese are hot;
ours are cold. They uncover their feet out
of respect; we the head. They are fond of
black teeth; we of white. They mount their
horses on the right side; we on the left.

Among the Chinese, white is the color for
mourning; a son has no right to wear white
clothes while his father and mother live; but
he can wear no other for three years after their
death; With us, black is the color for moun-
ting. The Chinese use their boots for poc-
kets, putting into them their fans, papers, &c.;
the boots are made very wide, and of black
satin or leather: We use our coats, &c. The
dress of women of the lower classes in China
is the same as, or differs but little from, that
of the men; with us, no two things are more
dissimilar. The Chinese for beauty reduce both
eyebrows to one arched line; we let them
alone to form two arched lines, and delight in
the 'graceful curve.' Long tails are with us a
disgrace; with the Chinese, they are an honor.
Both men and women of rank in China suffer
the nails of the left hand to grow to an extraor-
dinary length, in order to prove their gentility,
and to distinguish themselves from laborers and

mechanics. De Guine saw a mandarin whose
nails were nearly six inches in length, and a
physician who had brought them to ten or
twelve inches. The nails are thus kept ex-
tremely clear and transparent, and at night are
carefully enclosed in bamboo cases. There is
another peculiarity of custom among the Chi-
nese, which is said to be universal: they use
their left hand in preference to the right.

A Portuguese woman, when she rides, sits
with the left side towards the horse's head;
and an English woman with the right.

A Portuguese wife never assumes the family
name of her husband, but in all the vicissitudes
of matrimony retains her own: an English wo-
man always assumes the family name of her
husband. The Portuguese are generally ad-
dressed by their christian name; we by our
family one. In Portugal, the master of the
house precedes the visitor in going out: with
us, the visitor precedes.

The Italians reckon the commencement of
their day from sunset: we from sunrise. Their
clocks strike all the hours from one to twen-
ty-four; ours from one to twelve.

The Kametchakadals always use dogs for the
purposes of labor and travelling: we use hor-
ses and oxen.

We use wine and ardent spirits for intoxica-
tion; but the Turks opium. We undress and
go to bed at some certain hour, and wait the
approach of sleep: the Turks, being seated on
a mattress, smoke till they find themselves
sleepy; then laying themselves down, their
servants cover them. Dinner is our principal
meal; supper theirs.

In Colombia, South America, a person in easy
circumstances is carried on his travels by men,
in a chair; and in that country, they talk of
going on a man's back, as we mention going on
horseback.

In conclusion, I would state what an Ameri-
can writer says, viz: that the Spaniards may be
said to sleep upon every affair of importance;
the Italians to fiddle upon every thing; the
French to dance upon every thing; the Ger-
mans to smoke upon every thing; the British
Islanders to eat upon every thing; and the
Americans to talk upon every thing.
York Recorder.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

Catholic Ceremonies.—The celebrated cere-
mony of opening the Sacred Gate at Rome, was
performed with great pomp and solemnity, at
the 20th hour, on Christmas eve. His Holiness,
with a numerous and splendid retinue, and ac-
companied by the Swiss Guard, proceeded
from the Vatican Palace, and arrived in the
vestibule of the Basilica, where he alighted
from the seat on which he had been borne, un-
der a splendid canopy, supported by the Apo-
stolic Referendaries, and ascended the throne;
Cardinals Caoprotti and Vidone officiating as
deacons: 18 other Cardinals were present.—
All the attendants having taken their places,
his Holiness received the silver hammer from
Cardinal Carligioni, and three times struck the
wall of the sacred gate, where the holy cross
is delineated, his Holiness singing three verses,
to which the pontifical chanters responded. His
Holiness having given back the hammer, re-
turned to the throne, and giving the signal, the
whole of the sacred gate fell. The Holy Fa-
ther, after some prayers, placed himself before
it, received from the Cardinals (acting as dea-
cons) the cross and the taper and began the Te
Deum laudamus; and immediately, besides the
sound of the bells of all the churches in Rome,
which had been ringing for two hours, the sig-
nal being given by the trumpets in the portico
of the church, the Swiss Guard, and the Artille-
ry of the Castle of St. Angelo, fired a grand sa-
lute. The supreme Pontiff then entered first
alone, the Sacred Temple, followed by all the
Cardinals, two by two; the Patriarchs, Arch-
bishops Bishops, Prelates, and Penitentiaries,
all bearing lighted tapers, and by the Princess &
persons of distinction who were present, who kissed
the sacred gate as they entered it. His Holiness
having seated himself by the altar of the Chapel
of Piety, the Knights of St. Peter and St. Paul
were introduced, whom he charged to guard
the gates of the four Basilicas, and after-
wards permitted them to kiss his foot. The
sacred ceremony concluded with the tripple
benediction which the supreme Pontiff bestow-
ed on the immense multitude who crowded
that vast church. A vast number of persons of
distinction and of every nation attended with
great devotion the holy ceremony. Among
them were the Dowager Queen of Sardinia,
and the two Princesses, her daughters; the
Duke of Lucca, with his consort and his sister;
the diplomatic body, and many princesses and
ladies, both Roman and Foreigners; so that,
from the solemn and dignified manner in which
the Pope opened the sacred gate, and the de-
vout behaviour of all present, the ceremony was
truly pious and august.

The Witty Countryman. A countryman very much
marked with the small pox, applied to a justice of the
peace for redress in an affair where one of his neigh-
bors had ill-treated him; but not explaining the busi-
ness so clearly as the justice expected, 'Fellow,'
said the justice in a pet, 'I don't know whether you
were inoculated for the small pox or not; but I am
sure you have been for stupidity.' 'Why, and please
your honor,' replied the man, perhaps I might be in-
oculated for stupidity, but there was no occasion to
perform that upon your worship, for you seem to have
had it in the natural way.'

A tender wife.—Dr. Mounsey, of Chelsea college,
was not up to a quarrel with his wife. Returning from
Fulham, he was overtaken by a terrible storm—a re-
current horse came up, going to Chelsea. Any port
in a storm. The horse crept in with the pall and
plumes for his conveyance. The horse stopped at the
door; and his lady looked out; 'Who have you
got there coachman?' 'The doctor, ma'am.' 'Thank
heaven,' says she, 'he's safe at last.' 'Thank you,
my love,' says the doctor (getting out of the horse),
'for your kind anxiety for my safety.'

PROBATE NOTICES.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed by
the Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Esq. Judge of
Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and ex-
amine the claims of creditors to the estate of AN-
DREW BARRETT, late of Hartford, deceased,
represented insolvent, do hereby give notice that six
months are allowed to said creditors to bring in and
prove their claims, and that we shall attend that ser-
vice, at the school house near Joseph South's, in said
Hartford, on Saturday, the 17th day of September
next, at nine o'clock A. M.

JOSEPH SAMPSON, } Commis-
HOPESTILL BISBEE, } sioners.
March 7, 1825.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the
Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Judge of Probate, of
Wills, for the County of Oxford, to receive and ex-
amine the claims of creditors to the estate of ELIAS
STURTEVANT, late of Sumner, in said County,
Esquire, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby
give notice, that six months are allowed, from the
twenty-second day of February last, to said creditors
to bring in and prove their claims, and that they will
attend that service at the dwelling house of Simon
Barrett, Junr. in Sumner, on the afternoons of the first
Monday in May next, the first Monday in June next,
and the first Monday in July next, at one of the clock
in the afternoon of each of those days.

SIMON BARRETT, Jr. } Commis-
EBENEZER BRIGGS, } sioners.
Sumner, March 7, 1825.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all
concerned, that he has been duly appointed and
taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last
Will and Testament of STEPHEN LANDELLS,
late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, de-
ceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He there-
fore requests all persons who are indebted to the said
deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and
those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the
same to
Hebron, Feb. 22, 1825.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN by virtue of an Execution and will be sold
at Public Vendue, at the Store of Messrs. SREEL
& BRAS, in Brownfield, on Wednesday, the twenty-
ninth day of April next, at one of the clock in the af-
ternoon, all the right, title, and interest which JON-
ATHAN STORER, of said Brownfield, has in equity
to redeem the following mortgaged Real Estate,
viz: the homestead FARM, on which the said Storer
now lives, situated in Brownfield aforesaid, together
with all the privileges and appurtenances thereun-
to belonging.
DANIEL TYLER, Jr.
Deputy Sheriff.

Brownfield, March 10, 1825.

FOR SALE.

At No. 3, Maine Row, by the subscriber,
POTASH KETTLES,
of a superior quality from the New-Hampshire Iron
Factory Company, (at Franconia) which he offers for
sale at a fair price and on liberal credit.
ALPHEUS SHAW.
Portland, March 24, 1825.

METHODIST HYMN BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the Oxford
Bookstore, HYMN BOOKS, used by the
Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

VARIETY OF BLANKS.

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, a
good assortment of Attorneys' and Jus-
tices' BLANKS; Collectors', Administrators', and
Sheriffs' DEEDS; BLANKS for town orders,
town clerks, &c.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to GLAZIER & Co. whose
term of credit has expired (except it is for the
Oxford Observer), are requested to make payment
without the least possible delay, as all notes and ac-
counts of that description must be collected.
ASA BARTON, Agent.

TAKE NOTICE.

THE subscriber requests all persons who are in-
debted to him, on account of the Carding Ma-
chine, lately owned by him, to make immediate pay-
ment. Unless all bills are settled by the fifteenth day
of April next, they will at that time be left with Lett
Whitman, Esq. for collection.
NATHANIEL BENNETT.
Norway, March 12th, 1825.

DEAF AND DUMB.

STATE OF MAINE.
Secretary of State's Office,
Portland, 7 March, 1825.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that on Tues-
day, the fourteenth day of June next, the Gov-
ernor and Council will designate "such Deaf and
Dumb Persons as may appear to be the most proper
subjects for education," under the "Resolve for the as-
sistance of the Deaf and Dumb," passed February 22,
1825; and that all applications for the benefit of the
appropriation made by said Resolve, must be
made in writing to this office, previous to that time—
setting forth the name, age, and residence of the
person for whom the application is made; the amount
of assistance such person can receive from his or her
parents or guardian, or from any other source, togeth-
er with evidence of such person's capacity to receive
instruction.
By order of the Governor and Council:
AMOS NICHOLS,
Secretary of State.

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEEVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Building,
has just received a consignment of Machine
Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Lis-
cester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.
Orders for any quantity executed at short no-
tice.
Feb. 15, 1825.

PAPER.

HORACE SEEVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Building,
has on hand an extensive assortment of Royal
and fine and coarse Demi-Letter—Folio—No. 1
and 2, Pot—Sheathing—Kensington—Cap—and Wrapping
Paper.
Feb. 14, 1825.

IMPERIAL ITCH-OINTMENT.

CONSTANTLY on hand, and for sale at
the Oxford Bookstore, IMPERIAL ITCH-
OINTMENT.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO VIRTUE TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SKECH." SHAKESPEARE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be liberal and correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

In gude auld times when bonny lasses
In farthingales did go to masses,
When ringlets hung about their necks
In native curls, and antic freaks,
Ere love was ever taught to smother
The flame that's burning for another,
Ere modern dames of wild caprices
To daughters taught, and maids and misses
The art of love—dissimulation,
And tortured bodies into fashion,
Or lashed the flesh and soul together
With thought of whale-bone, busk or leather;
For fear the heart in wandering plight
Might, at some rustic beau take flight,
And against the sides so hard might bounce
As break its prison-house, and flounce
In open air about creation,
And fright the dandies of the nation;
(What had could see a lady's heart
Dance in mid air, and would not start?)
Before it was a breach of fashion
For lass to breathe full respiration;
Then passed the sports of gleeful youth
In all simplicity of truth.
The lips unchained did full impart
The true impressions of the heart.
The voices gambolled, chirped and chattered,
Ogled, winked, and smiled, and flattered.
They moved the dance and cracked the joke,
And spoke as Eve to Adam spoke.
False modesty in crimson flushes
Ne'er tinged the artless cheek with blushes.
No artful dame, no wily maid
Their subtle toils for lovers laid:
Now act the beau—and this the token,
In action brought for promise broken,
To prove your faith and vows are plighted,
And order Misses' wrongs be righted.
Return the smile—enough to prove
That you are wofully in love:
Now crack a joke—the tale will spread
That loves' delusions craze your head:
Tell Miss she's bright—your doom is sealed,
The marriage contract you've revealed:
Of raptures speak that ne'er were felt—
At Hyacinth's shrine, she'll swear you've knelt:
Even drink her health—if not allied,
'Tis fixed—she's doomed your lawful bride:
Resist her charms—eternal woe
Shall heap upon your head of snow:
Villain shall cry: what! wretch away
The rainbow of life's brightest day!
Domestic love which was fancy's ring,
In airy phantasms, now is dancing;
My fancied joys—Hymeneal bliss
With all my boasted happiness,
A phantom to divide my sorrow,
A banquet-house, to bliss the morrow,
Will never have existence, never,
And I must dance coquette forever.
If thus you'll be the maiden's curse,
Bestow your heart, or dower your purse:
Footless to me—A silver plaster
Is antidote in such disaster;
A verdict of a thousand pounds
Will cure a lover's deepest wounds;
A half a dozen verdicts more,
Such wounds as often will heal o'er;
Juries well know what healing art
Restores a lady's broken heart.

TEASEL THORNBUSH.

From the Savannah Georgian.

MASTER MASON'S HYMN.

Composed by brother John H. Sheppard, Master of Lincoln Lodge.

TUNE—GERMAN HYMN.

Al! when shall we three meet like them,
Who last were at Jerusalem;
For three there were, and one is not—
He lies where Cassia marks the spot!

Tho' poor he was, with Kings he trod;
Tho' great, he humbly knelt to God:
Ah! when shall those restore again,
The broken link of friendship's chain?

Behold! where mourning beauty bent,
In silence o'er his monument,
And wildly spread in sorrow there,
The ringlets of her flowing hair.

The future Sons of grief shall sigh,
While standing round in mystic tie,
And raise their hands ALAS! to heaven,
In anguish that no hope is given.

From whence we came, or whither go,
Ask me no more, nor seek to know,
'Till three shall meet, who form'd like them,
The GRAND LODGE at Jerusalem!

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

Noting, ere they pass away,
The little lines of yesterday.

'Life's little lines,' how short, how faint!
How fast they fade away!
Its highest hopes, its brightest joys
Are compassed in a day.

Youth's bright, and mild, and morning light,
Its sunshine, and its showers;
Its hope and fears, its loves and tears,
Its heedless happy hours!

And manhood's high and brightened noon,
Its honors, dangers, cares;
The parent's pains, the parent's joys,
The parent's anxious prayers.

Fade, in old age's evening gray,
The twilight of the mind;
Then, sink in death's long, dreamless night,
And leave no trace behind.

Yet though so changing and so brief,
Our life's eventful page,
It has its charms for every grief,
Its joys for every age.

In youth's, in manhood's golden hours,
Loves, friendships, sweetest flow'rs,
With April's earliest, sweetest flow'rs,
And all the bloom of May;

And when old age, with wintry hand,
Has frosted o'er the head,
Virtue's fair fruits survive the blast,
When all beside are fled.

And faith, with pure, unwearied eye,
Can pierce the gathered gloom;
And smile upon the spoiler's rage,
And live beyond the tomb.

Be ours, then, virtue's deathless charm,
And faith's untiring flight;
Then shall we rise, from death's dark sleep,
To worlds of cloudless light.

[Songs by the way.]

MONITOR.

FROM THE MAINE INQUIRER.

Mr. Editor.—By inserting in your paper the following Sermon, on "The Duties of Children," delivered in Boston, April 12, 1807, by Rev. W. E. Channing, you will gratify one who has read it many times with the greatest pleasure, and who would recommend it to the attention of parents and children. I would earnestly recommend to young persons to read it several times attentively, and endeavor to treasure up and practice the precept it contains.

A FRIEND OF YOUTH.

EPHESIANS VI. 1, 2.—Children obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise.

From these words I propose to point out the duties of children to their parents. My young friends, let me ask your serious attention. I wish to explain to you the honor and obedience which you are required to render your parents; and to impress you with the importance, excellence, and happiness of this temper and conduct.

It will be observed, in the progress of this discourse that I have chiefly in view the youngest part of my hearers: But I would not on this account be supposed to intimate, that those who have reached more advanced periods of life, are exempted from the obligation of honoring their parents. However old we may be, we should never forget that tenderness, which watched over our infancy, which listened to our cries before we could articulate our wants, and was never weary with ministering to our comfort and enjoyments. There is scarcely any thing more interesting than to see the man retaining the respect and gratitude, which belong to the child; than to see persons, who have come forward into life, remembering with affection the guides and friends of their youth, and laboring by their kind and respectful attention to cheer the declining years, and support the trembling infirmities of those, whose best days were spent in solitude and exertion for their happiness and improvement. He who suffers any objects or pursuits to shut out a parent from his heart, who becomes so weaned from the breast which nourished and the arms which cherished him, as coldly to forsake a parent's dwelling, and neglect a parent's comfort, not only renounces the dictates of religion and morality, but deserves to be cast out from society, as a stranger to the common sensibilities of human nature.

In the observations I am now to make, all who have parents should feel an interest; for some remarks will apply to all. But I shall principally confine myself to those, who are so young as to depend on the care and to live under the eye of their parents: who surround a parent's table, dwell beneath a parent's roof, and hear continually a parent's voice. To such the text addresses itself, "Honor and obey your father and mother."

I shall now attempt to explain and enforce what is here required of you.

First, you are required to view and treat your parents with respect. Your tender, inexperienced age requires that you think of yourselves with humility, that you conduct with modesty, that you respect the superior age and wisdom and improvements of your parents, and observe towards them a submissive deportment. Nothing is more unbecoming in you, nothing will render you more unpleasant in the eyes of others, than forward or contemptuous conduct towards your parents. There are children, and I wish I could say there are only a few, who speak to their parents with rudeness, grow sullen at their rebukes, behave in their presence as if they deserved no attention, hear their speak without noticing them, and rather ridicule than honor them. There are many children at the present day, who think more highly of themselves than of their elders; who think that their own wishes are first to be gratified; who abuse the condescension and kindness of their parents, and treat them as servants rather than superiors.

Beware, my young friends, lest you grow up with this assuming and selfish spirit. Regard your parents as kindly given you by God, to support, direct, and govern you in your present state of weakness and inexperience. Express your respect for them in your manner and conversation. Do not neglect those outward signs of dependence and inferiority which suit your age. You are young, and you should therefore take the lowest place, and rather retire than thrust yourselves forward into notice. You have much to learn, and you should therefore hear instead of seeking to be heard. You are dependent, and you should therefore ask instead of demanding what you desire, and you should receive every thing from your parents as a favor and not as a debt. I do not mean to urge upon you a slavish fear of your parents. Love them and love them ardently; but mingle a sense of their superiority with your love. Feel a confidence in their kindness; but let not this confidence make you rude and presumptuous, and lead to indecent familiarity. Talk to them with openness and freedom; but never contradict with violence; never answer with passion or contempt.

The Scriptures say, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother." "The eye that mocketh at his father, the ravens of the valley shall

pluck it out, and the young ravens shall eat it." The sacred history teaches us, that when Solomon, on his throne, saw his mother approaching him, he rose to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and caused a seat to be set for her on his right hand. Let this wise and great king teach you to respect your parents.

Secondly, You should be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them. The time has been, and it was not a long time past, when you depended wholly on their kindness, when you had no strength to make a single effort for yourselves, when you could neither speak, nor walk, and knew not the use of any of your powers. Had not a parent's arm supported you, you must have fallen to the earth and perished. Observe with affection the infants, which you so often see, and consider that a little while ago you were as feeble as they are; you were only a burden & a care, and yet had nothing, with which you could repay your parents' affection. But did they forsake you? How many sleepless nights have they been disturbed by your cries! When you were sick, how tenderly did they hang over you! With what pleasure have they seen you grow up in health to your present state; and what do you now possess, which you have not received from their hands? God indeed is your great parent, your best friend, and from him every good gift descends; but God is pleased to bestow every thing upon you through the kindness of your parents. To your parents you owe every comfort; you owe to them the shelter you enjoy from the rain and cold, the raiment which covers, and the food which nourishes you. While you are seeking amusement, or are employed in gaining knowledge at school, your parents are toiling that you may be happy; that your wants may be supplied, that your minds may be improved, that you may grow up and be useful in the world. And when you consider how often you have forfeited all this kindness, and yet how ready they have been to forgive you, and to continue their favors, ought you not to look upon them with the tenderest gratitude? What greater monster can there be than an unthankful child, whose heart is never warmed and melted by the daily expressions of parental solicitude; who, instead of requiting his best friend by his affectionate conduct, is sullen and passionate, and thinks that his parents have done nothing for him, because they will not do all he desires? My young friends, your parents' hearts have ached enough for you already; you should strive from this time, by your expressions of gratitude and love, to requite their goodness. Do you ask how you may best express their feelings of respect and gratitude, which have been enjoined? In answer, I would observe,

Thirdly, That you must make it your study to obey your parents, to do what they command, and do it cheerfully. Your own hearts will tell you that this is a most natural and proper expression of honor and love. Yet how often do we see children opposing their wills to the will of their parents; refusing to comply with absolute commands; growing more obstinate, the more they are required to do what they dislike; and at last sullenly and unwillingly obeying, because they can no longer refuse without exposing themselves to punishment. Consider, my young friends, that by such conduct you very much displease God, who has given you parents, that they may control your passions and train you up in the way you should go. Consider how much better they can decide for you than you can for yourselves. You know but little of the world in which you live. You hastily catch at every thing which promises you pleasure; and unless the authority of a parent should restrain you, you would soon rush into ruin, without a thought, or a fear. In pursuing your own inclinations your health would be destroyed, your minds would run waste, you would grow up slothful, selfish, a trouble to others, and burdensome to yourselves. Submit them cheerfully to your parents. Have you not experienced their goodness long enough to know that they wish to make you happy, even when their commands are most severe? Prove then your sense of their goodness by doing cheerfully what they require. When they oppose your wishes, do not think that you have more knowledge than they. Do not receive their commands with a sour, angry, sullen look, which says louder than words, that you obey only because you dare not rebel. If they deny your requests, do not persist in urging them; but consider how many requests they have already granted you. Consider that you have no claim upon them, and that it will be base and ungrateful for you, after all their tenderness, to murmur and complain. Do not expect that your parents are to give up every thing to your wishes; but study to give up every thing to theirs. Do not wait for them to threaten; but when a look tells you what they want, fly to perform it. This is the way in which you can best reward them for all their pains and labors. In this way you will make their houses pleasant and cheerful. But if you are disobedient, perverse and stubborn, you will be uneasy yourselves, and will make all around you unhappy. You will make a place of contention, noise and anger; and your best friends will have reason to wish that you had never been born. A disobedient child almost always grows up ill-natured and disobedient to all with whom he is connected. None love him, and he has no heart to love any but himself. If you would be amiable in your temper and manner, and desire to be beloved, let me advise you to begin life with giving up your wills to your parents.

Fourthly, You must further express your respect, affection and gratitude by doing all in your power to assist and oblige your parents. Children can very soon make some return for the kindness they receive. Every day you can render your parents some little service, and often save them many cares, and sometimes not a little expense. There have been children, who in early life have been great supports to their sick, poor, and helpless parents. This is the most honorable way in which you can be employed. You must never think too highly of yourselves to be unwilling to do any thing for those who have done so much for you. You should never let your amusements take such hold of your minds, as to make you slothful, backward and unwilling, when you are called to serve your parents. Some children seem to think that they have nothing to seek but their own pleasure. They will run from every task which is imposed on them; and leave their parents to want many comforts, rather than expose themselves to a little trouble. But consider, had they loved you no better than you love them, how wretched would have been your state! There are some children, who not only refuse to exert themselves for their parents, but add very much to their cares, give them unnecessary trouble, and by carelessness, by wasting, by extravagance, help to keep them in poverty and toil. Such children, as they grow up, instead of seeking to provide for themselves, generally grow more and more burdensome to their friends, and lead useless,

sluggish, and often profligate lives. My young friends, you should be ashamed, after having given your parents so much pain, to multiply their cares and labors unnecessarily. You should learn, very early, to be active in pleasing them, and active in doing what you can for yourselves: Do not waste all your spirits upon play; but learn to be useful. Perhaps the time is coming, when your parents will need as much attention from you, as you have from them; and you should endeavor to form such industrious habits, that you may render their last years as happy, as they have rendered the first years of your existence.

Fifthly, You should express your respect for your parents and your sense of their kindness and superiority, by placing unreserved confidence in them: This is a very important part of your duty. Children should learn to be honest, sincere, and open hearted to their parents. An artful, hypocritical child is one of the most unpromising characters in the world. You should have no secrets which you are unwilling to disclose to your parents. If you have done wrong, you should openly confess it, and ask that forgiveness which a parent's heart is so ready to bestow. If you wish to undertake any thing, ask their consent. Never begin any thing in the hope that you can conceal your design. If you once strive to impose on your parents, you will be led on, from one step to another, to invent falsehoods, to practice artifice, till you will become contemptible and hateful. You will soon be detected, and then none will trust you. Sincerity in a child will make up for many faults. Of children, who is the worst, who watches the eyes of his parents, pretends to obey as long as they see him, but, as soon as they have turned away, does what they have forbidden. Whatever else you do, never deceive. Let your parents always learn your faults from your own lips; and be assured they will never love you the less for your openness and sincerity.

Lastly, You must prove your respect and gratitude to your parents by attending seriously to their instructions and admonitions, and by improving the advantages they afford you for becoming wise, useful, good and happy forever. I hope, my young friends, that you have parents who talk, care, not only of your bodies, but your souls; who instruct you in your duty, who talk to you of your God and Saviour, who teach you to pray and to read the Scriptures, and who strive to give you such knowledge, and bring you up in such habits, as will lead you to usefulness on earth, and to happiness in heaven. If you have not, I can only pity you: I have little hope that I can do you good by what I have here said. But if your parents are faithful in instructing and guiding you, you must prove your gratitude to them, and to God, by listening respectfully and attentively to what they say; by shunning the temptations of which they warn you, and by walking in the paths they mark out before you. You must labor to answer their hopes and wishes, by improving in knowledge; by being industrious at school; by living peaceably with your companions; by avoiding all profane and wicked language; by fleeing bad company; by treating all persons with respect; by being kind and generous and honest, and by loving and serving your Father in heaven. This is the happiest and most delightful way of repaying the kindness of your parents. Let them see you growing up with amiable tempers and industrious habits; let them see you delighting to do good, and fearing to offend God; and they will never think you have been a burden. Their fears and anxieties about you will give place to brighter views. They will hope to see you prosperous, respected and beloved in the present world. But if in this they are to be disappointed, if they are soon to see you stretched on the bed of sickness and death, they will still smile amidst their tears, and be comforted by the thought that you are the children of God, and that you are going to a Father, that loves you better than they. If, on the contrary, you slight and despise their instructions, and suffer your youth to run waste, you will do much to embitter their happiness and shorten their days. Many parents have gone to the grave broken hearted by the ingratitude, perverseness, impiety and licentiousness of their children. My young friends, listen seriously to parental admonition. Beware, lest you pierce with anguish that breast on which you have so often leaned. Beware, lest by early contempt of instruction, you bring yourselves to shame and misery in this world, and draw on your heads still heavier ruin in the world beyond the grave.

Children, I have now set before you your duties. Let me once more beseech you to honor your father and mother. Ever cling to them with confidence and love. Be to them an honor, an ornament, a success, and a support. Be more than they expect, and if possible be all that they desire. To you they are now looking with an affection which trembles for your safety. So live, that their eyes may ever fix on you with beams of hope and joy. So live, that the recollection of you may soothe their last hours. May you now walk by their side in the steps of the holy Saviour and through his grace may you meet again in a better and happier world. Amen.

WISDOM.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.—Prov. xii. 17.

That wisdom which leads young people to seek the knowledge and love of God, and to walk in the ways of practical piety, is the principal thing. The happiness it affords should lead them to diligence in seeking it. The thoughtless and dissipated discover no beauty, no loveliness in the way of piety; although its ways are ways of pleasantness, and its paths are peace. The practice of piety conduces to health of body, to peace of mind, to social comfort; it adds a loveliness, and gives a charm to all the comforts of life; it is attended with safe and comfortable hopes of heaven; it soothes the sorrows of sickness, pain and losses; it extracts the sting of death and banishes the dread of the grave; it presents the most just and lovely views of the excellencies of the character, the justice of his government, and felicities of his children. Those who walk in this way—the exercise of faith, prayer, and watchfulness, are enamoured of its beauties. They can testify that Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less.

PRECONCEIVED OPINION. We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them.

Trace with a rigid exactness the golden dictates of thine own conscience, and thou wilt have no cause to regret; for by taking council of the heart, we are drawn near the line of duty.—And what can counterbalance the cheering smiles of self-approbation?

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (Mo.) WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1825.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTIONS.—On Monday last the annual elections took place in Massachusetts. The republicans and federalists united in the candidate for Governor, Judge Lincoln, and also for Lieut. Governor, Hon. Marcus Morton. In some Districts, there was some division of sentiment with regard to Senators.

SOMETHING MORE THAN THANKS.—The merchants of Pearl-street, New-York City, have presented to Gov. Clinton, two superb Silver Vases, which were manufactured in Philadelphia, and cost \$3,500, in consideration of his eminent services in aiding the construction of Canals in that State.

We would recommend, to our young readers in a particular manner, the Sermon on the first page of this paper—and we hope parents may give it an attentive perusal.

The account, headed "Another Murder," published in our paper of the 10th ultimo, as copied from the *Salem (N. Y.) Post*, turns out to be a sheer fabrication. It is difficult to conceive what could induce any person to make such a story, and present it to the public.

We need not offer any excuse to the readers of our columns, for the insertion of the lengthy communication which appears below, as it will richly pay for a perusal.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

SLAVE TRADE.

Mr. Editor—I am happy to perceive that the subject of the slave trade, or rather of the convention with Great Britain in regard to it, has excited interest enough in a writer for the *Alfred* newspaper to induce him to furnish the public with the ingenious narration there presented. To those acquainted with the pertinent facts, the communication must be very amusing, especially when considered in connection with the assignment of the motive attributed by the writer as productive of the strictures, which were published in your paper, on the rejection of that convention by the Senate of the United States. Were this particular, but not singular specimen of adroitness worthy any other notice than the smile, of whatever character it might be, which would, at first, be created, it could only be so to the individual implicated, who, it is probable, would not willingly expose himself to annoyance by irritating the temper of a writer at once able, and, as an anonymous one, exceedingly dangerous. Those individuals who might be disposed to use the solemn subject of the slave trade to subserve their personal designs of ambition, would betray an extreme of stupidity, if they did not expect the community to compare the merits of the question with the conduct and the opinions they might exhibit in regard to it. If therefore the correspondent of the *Alfred* Star has any proof or probable cause of suspicion to support his statement against the individual accused, he ought to produce it. If he does not know that his statement was utterly unjust, it is because he did not consider it important to his interest to ascertain the truth, and improperly attached some consequence to a capacity to cover a mistake by the plea, at least not known to that law, with which it is presumed he is acquainted—the plea of ignorance.

This sheet is consecrated to a worthier and more considerable object than that of refuting a personal slander, or of consequence to the public, or that of correcting errors available to certain purposes, at least of utility to not less than one individual, which errors the Printer of the *Star* might very properly put in type, and neither he nor his workmen be bound to amend them. Intending, hereafter, to avoid all controversy on this question, unless I may be fortunate enough to find an antagonist who, whatever his habit may be, can occasionally controul his talents by the rules of fairness and candor, I will proceed with a willingness to hear and a determination to express the truth. At the same time it is acknowledged to be decent and just to express the most respectful deference for every member of the Senate of the United States, as such, and to observe that decorum and delicacy towards the whole body which your paper has uniformly exhibited.

It is known that a general and rather loose review of this subject has been taken in the *Observer*, so far as relates to what preceded that event which has exalted the character of the nation in the estimation of Europe more than any recent transaction of the government, by the evidence it furnished of a determination to enslave the slave trade; I mean the denunciation of that inhuman business as piracy. This memorable act of a wise and beneficent policy was the result of a conviction of the practical utility of all antecedent measures, and was followed by the employment of our naval force to sustain the rigorous legislation of Congress.—The measure accorded with the moral sentiment of the country; it was an example to the maritime nations of the world, of new but a just severity, and it not only commanded honorable applause but excited high expectations. The terror of the law and the rigor of our naval commanders did, however, accomplish no more, as a general result, than to save the American flag from dishonor by pulling it from the polluted slave ship which bore it, and which forthwith erected that of another nation in its stead. All statute provisions, unconnected with international regulation have been in vain, and, notwithstanding their enactment, the nefarious traffic in human beings is still swelling to a monstrous extent the miseries and crimes of our

fellows beings. The law constituting to slave trade piracy, and of course a capital felony, was passed in May, A. D. 1820, when a share of the trade was covered by our own flag and a considerable portion of the capital employed in it was owned by American citizens. For a time the most beneficial effects were produced; but the dealers at length sheltered themselves under the flag of France, have found impunity in the continuance of their crime, and so ineffectual have been our efforts, have even extended their business by adding fraud to every other species of villainy. For this statement, important as it is, proof may well be required, as it lays at the foundation of those subsequent proceedings, on the merits of which the country, in justice to itself, must deliberately judge and decide. Omitting prior events and approaching the present time, let us look at the authentication of the proposition advanced.

The Governor of Sierra Leone has asserted that at the commencement of the year 1822, "the five rivers Nunez and Pongas were entirely under the controul of renegade European and American traders."

It appears by a letter from a distinguished officer of our own navy, Lieut. Stockton, dated at the same period, that the estimated number of slaves taken from Africa, under the French flag, during the preceding year was not less than 200,000, and the correctness of the estimate is confirmed by Doct. Ayer.

The acting agent of the United States for liberated Africans at Monrovia, in 1823, declares in March of that year, that the sale and transportation of slaves was continued without restraint or disguise, and in the December following he informs the Secretary of the Navy, that at least 2000 slaves are annually shipped from the bay made by the projections of Cape Mount and Montserado.

The reports of the Colonization Society prove that not less than 60,000 slaves are annually exported from Africa, notwithstanding our statute piracy, and the prohibitions of other nations, all of which, I speak of christian communities, have, with the exception of Portugal and Brazil, at least affected to discountenance the practice.

It is true that the feeble or faithless character of France has rendered all its pledges and regulations for the suppression of the slave trade merely nominal, and France, as if wishing to continue it, is the nation of Europe which has most strenuously and decidedly objected to yielding the qualified right of search which would drive her polluted flag from the African coast.

Great Britain has acted with sincerity and zeal, but Mr. Canning assures Mr. Adams, that the pest which she has pledged herself to destroy "if it be in human power to destroy it, not only survives to the disgrace and affliction of the age, but seems to acquire a fresh capacity for existence with every endeavor for its destruction."

Under this state of things all our legislation on the subject stood defeated and disgraced, the depopulation of the fine regions of Africa was going on, humanity was groaning under the afflictions of outrageous cruelty, and the eyes of the civilized world were turned upon this republic for an example in the cause of human liberty and natural justice. But one measure, a simple and safe, an easy and effectual measure, was presented for adoption, and that was the effecting a concert of nations, introducing into their code the municipal regulation by which we had constituted the slave trade piracy, and the concession of a most guarded and limited right of search. This measure was after much deliberation adopted in our convention with Great Britain and rejected by the Senate on account of the concession I have named.

The right of search, to which it refused to consent, was as carefully limited and securely guarded against abuse as it could be by the prudent caution of Mr. Monroe, the luminous mind of Mr. Adams, and the well trained skill of Mr. Rush. Anxious on account of the reputation of the country, and the interests of humanity, to accomplish the just and benevolent object in view, they were also familiar with the whole controversy in which we had been engaged with Great Britain, concerning the right of search, and were not less disposed than Mr. Madison himself had been to guard the rights of the United States, and to act consistently with those doctrines which they as well as he had uniformly and ardently supported.—They therefore made a provision perfectly reciprocal, restrained as to object to the purpose of suppressing the slave trade, and to be carried into effect only by our own Courts. It is difficult to imagine any possible inducement to an abuse of authority, so restricted as to purpose, so regulated as to the manner of its application, and so controllable by the party interested to prevent injustice. It is not pretended that there have been any designs of aggression, any purpose of selfish ambition, or any unfairness of practice in procuring the treaty, but all agree that the contracting parties have conducted themselves with the most friendly spirit, and aimed only at the accomplishment of a holy and benevolent, a just and honorable object.

It is painful to revert to a publication of the character of that in the *Alfred* Star, and particularly by such attentions as I am paying to the argument in it, to incur that vengeance which, having its stake and faggots always ready, sooner or later finds the offender and those implements together. It is necessary for no private but a public purpose to inquire with what truth, (the question admits of no other form,) it is asserted "that one of the representatives took the liberty to appeal to his constituents, against their senators for refusing to concede the right of search." Omitting to comment on the other part of the sentence, let the writer for the *Star*

ask even his own friends, if he permits himself to have any, what right or degree of right of search has been under consideration, and whether it has not been a most restricted modification of it, in reference to a specific object which all the christian world is longing to see accomplished. Even they would acknowledge the evidence of that slight of hand which is seen in every paragraph of the production. Let us consider what is commonly understood to be intended when we speak of the right of search, not according to legal interpretation; but in the minds of our citizens. While Great Britain was engaged as a belligerent against the gigantic force of Napoleon, she, among other assumptions flagrantly violating our rights as a neutral nation, undertook to assert her claim to enter our vessels, and to seize our seamen even with protections in their hands. The object of the search, as we always insisted, was illegitimate, the manner of it was violent, the act itself involved injury and insult, and the consequences disgrace and ruin. It is unnecessary to be particular in regard to an incidental proposition, the arguments and facts in relation to which are familiar to the recollections of all.

What in comparison with that alleged right of search, forcing upon a neutral the calamities of war, and subjecting the peaceful to the passions of the belligerent; what, in comparison with that claim of the armed against the defenceless, is the modified right of search now defended, a right conceded, mutual, regulated, having an object enjoined by divine precept, and calculated to exalt the moral character and improve the condition of our species?

By the existence of an evil of such magnitude as the slave trade, every heart, not excepting that of the correspondent with the *Alfred* Star, must be severely pained. The proposition is by no means in the way of a climax, when it is added that all of common benevolence must desire to see a remedy applied. A considerable proportion of men would be willing to make some sacrifice of interest and feeling, whether of a political character, or regarding persons or parties, or society at large, to punish so great wickedness, as is involved in the slave trade, and to achieve the immeasurable, universal benefit which would follow from its abolition. How can this great object be accomplished? Have those opposed to the treaties made for the purpose proposed any measure, or do they intend to sit with folded arms, and content themselves with a negative upon every proposition which may be offered? This nation has done all which it was possible to effect without that combination and concert by which only that offence, properly called the crime of nations, can be corrected, and the reproach of the age removed. With an energy and decision worthy our station, and required by our interests, with a republican respect for the rights of man and a virtuous regard for the honor and welfare of our species, we have endeavored to brand the slave trader with the odium and inflict on him the punishment of piracy; we have despatched our armed cruisers to hunt him along the unhealthy coasts of Africa, and instructed the commanders of our naval force to arrest him wherever he skulks on the ocean, hiding from the face of man, and conscious of, and anticipating in suffering, his doom under the wrath of God. All we have so done has been worse than unavailing, because, while the American flag has been torn from the slave ship, the American citizen, with false papers, has raised that of another nation, and increased his cruelties according to the vigor of pursuit and the necessity of concealment. The temptation to the crime has grown with the rigor of the law, and the terror of threatened vengeance has been counteracted by the facility of eluding detection. Legislation has become the mockery of the ruffians obnoxious to its denunciations, and the galleys they deserve and the ignominy they suffer, in being their derision, still increase their desperation. In short, the flaunting banner of the murderer and, as we, in solemn legislation, have pronounced him, the pirate, blazes the eye of the mariner, from all the marts of human beings in Africa to all the shambles in other continents, and none dare arrest the criminal, because, forsooth, a white flag, instead of a striped bunting, waives over his vessel, and we cannot concede, under any modification, the right of search. This concession, however, as I will presently show, is the only possible remedy.—There can be no cure but for all nations so to act in concert that no flag shall furnish an immunity from the outraged justice of an indignant world. International regulations, with the universal concession of that right, against the abuse of which, if there were danger of it, we have superior means to defend ourselves, will at once relieve mankind from the horrors, the calamities, and the guilt of the slave trade—a guilt in which all participate who actively or negatively encourage it.

It is, however, highly important to consider whether or not there is danger in the proposed concession; for undoubtedly our first duty, politically speaking, is to ourselves, and no statesman can be justified in sacrificing any essential interest of his country from motives of philanthropy. On the other hand, to refuse to do what general benevolence requires, because it is not merely national, or because a slight inconvenience or trifling danger might ensue, would be irrational.

The concession of the right of search, as proposed, has had for its single, insulated object the ascertaining the fact of slaves being in the vessel for the purpose of sale, detention or capture not being the incident of the search but of the fact mentioned, at least as between those who have characterized that fact as piracy.—The object contains in its own nature a sufficient guaranty against the danger of abuse. The slave ship is not too singular, but it is too

peculiar in its construction, in its holding of chains, in its thick atmosphere of pestilence, in the concert of cries of distress, and in those indicia which are even understood by the sharks of the ocean, to admit any mistake in its designation. The right of capture would accrue only in cases determined to be proper by the most plenary and palpable evidence.

The right of search, as provided for in the treaty with Great Britain, was also limited as to duration, and yielded as a temporary experiment, to be tested by its fruits, and either continued for its value or removed for its evil effects. The remonstrance of the merchant or the complaint of the sailor would have procured its discontinuance, or the approbation of both ensured its establishment, and none but a transient inconvenience have been suffered.

Again, the same qualified right of search was confined, as to place, to the scene where its exercise was indispensable to the object. Commerce and navigation were not exposed to be harassed by it in many of their frequent pathways. The Senate, and of their wisdom all should speak with deference, but none should yield to it absolute homage, struck out "America" from the sphere of operations. The reason which influenced some, if not all, was that the effect of the original provision would be, that, as we have more commerce on the coast of America than Great Britain, she would have a more extensive use of the right of search than she ought to have, and that inequality would result. To this strange reason she replied that she would consent to a limitation of place to the slave holding States of the Union, and she added, or might have added, that she had a vastly greater commerce with Africa than we have. Let it be remembered that the Senate conceded the principle in consenting to the right of search in regard to Africa and the West Indies. It is regretted deeply, on many accounts, that America was excepted; for what must be the inference by foreigners? Can it be any other than that we were disposed to keep our own ports free to the admission of slaves, while we were willing to make a vain show of disinterested benevolence?

In the next place, vessels searched and captured were to be sent to their own Courts for adjudication. By this condition of the treaty, if it may be so called, all temptation to abuse of power was removed. No nation could be guilty of so great folly as to capture a vessel in the certainty of its being released, and none so suicidal as to condemn one, wantonly and without cause, when it belonged to its own citizens. The vexatious delays and inconveniences to which our merchantmen, sent to foreign tribunals for trial, generally suffer, were avoided, and the evils of contending where men and forms were unknown, and where there were no friends to intercede, to aid and to sustain, are not experienced. At home, and with a Court which can have no interest or feeling against the accused, the innocent cannot be in danger.

To these provisions, Great Britain, proud of its power and jealous of its maritime rights, consented to submit, at the same time explicitly proving that in proposing a reciprocal admission, she intended to commit any other party as to that belligerent right of search, against which every republican and many of the patriotic federalists of this country have uniformly and strenuously contended. The history of parties and of the nation, in regard to this particularly, could not be traced without reviewing more of the old documents than there is time or occasion to examine. Be it what it may, this fact must be admitted by the candid, and even in *Alfred* it is known that there is a large majority of that "faction," that the question heretofore in dispute has been that of the belligerent claim, connected with many circumstances of aggravation in its application. It is also believed "the faction" of the candid, the fair, and the public spirited, men not Wingateites, not oppositionists, & not pledged caballeros, is constituted by a majority of honorable and intelligent men in the State, who will perceive and acknowledge that the present question of right of search is as foreign from the old one as the cloud is different from the purest splendor of a genial sun.

In the treaties of Great Britain with Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands, greater concessions were made than are asked of us. The qualified right of search was fully yielded by them, and they agreed instead of having their captured vessels sent home, for trial, to submit their fate to foreign mixed trials, consisting, in part, of their own judges, not subordinate or responsible to those of the interested country.

It is a subject of melancholy and humiliating reflection that this glorious republic, in other respects the asylum of the oppressed, the vindicator of the rights of man, the generous friend of liberty, and the exemplar of what Greece and Rome sought to be, compares to no advantage, except in the use of our flag, with the Kingdom of France, degraded as it is by despotism, supported by foreign tyrants, and shrunk from all its greatness. Like us, France has profited from the slave trade; but like us, would to God it were not so, France refuses to concede to the only efficient measure for its abolition. The conferences at Aix la Chapelle present that reasoning which writers and speakers in this country have so severely borrowed, to justify the refusal to consent to the proposed modified right of search. She boasts, like us, of her philanthropic declarations, her rigorous ordinances, her careful surveillance, and her righteous laws; but history declares that "it is fruitless, and that what, in truth, is in Europe a contraband trade in slaves, rages like the pestilence that walketh at noon day." France admits that "the English government have done homage to the principle which ensures, in this respect, the independence of all flags," but she talks of jealousy of her dignity and the opinion of a nation, which, "under the influence of a lively imagination," would be alarmed at the concession proposed, with other objections of equal weight. This nonsense of his "Noble Committee of Inquiry," has, by those who have objected to the propriety of the contemplated step, been repeated here, and it has been urged that our citizens would not, from an ancient feeling, tolerate a power of the same name, but essentially different in character from that formerly resisted. What is the rule by which public men should govern their conduct? By that which requires to seek information and judge independently, or by that which leads them to seek to please? By what means should they expect to please a virtuous and intelligent community except by doing what they believe to be right? There is no principle of confidence under heaven which can exist between the constituent and his government, except the confidence in his integrity, his ability, and independence.

There is a man in a... it is claimed by belligerent... and is sanctified... of all maritime... capturing those... one of the parties... between nations... even by compact... those guards which... barriers to abuse... objected to the concession... by Great Britain... but at the same time... ought to be condemned... nations as piratical... and, together with that... part of international... our example, did make... the objection to the treaty... removed.

No other remedy... This opinion is... thority of all who... the case of the French... Scott gave his celebra... search in time of peace... not conceded, it will... press the traffic in slave... In the conferences... Austria, France, Great... held at London in 181... the proposition, that it... that "unless the right... this illicit traffic, should... being mutually consen... States, the illicit slave... not only continue to su... The enlightened com... proposed, at the confer... of all christian... slave trade, and the s... coast of Africa, having... tion, as the means of f... rences at Aix la Chap... so efficient as the s... sovereigns of Europe a... promised to the world... little credit is to be g... ance with which inter... It is to be hoped th... to think all criticism... ing, as denouncing th... sent that able view of... free it may be from in... exacted or expected... trations by which neg... a provision, the price... plaude, and the exco... titude, the House of R... some one should give... reasons which extol... The offence of the... property. It is worse... her. It is the privac... followed by the most... third of the persons c... either poisoned by the... death by manacles an... agony of mental afflict... misery of their lot. W... ed, of 530 slaves abo... in the Manilla, dur... Bonny to the West In... 642 passengers. The... 600 slaves, that 200 p... yet on the African coa... before she was captu... one, and nearly 100 p... contracted on board... the recital of these g... authentic testimony, e... ed in the slave ship... equal history, nor cau... aid of both one and th... topic. "The antecede... evils of the slave tra... in the first instance d... gions of the globe to f... consigned to the hand... y sold in the public i... posterity doomed to b... draw any picture of t... I should be deemed as... cool and considerate

I will merely add a... terize this trade more... ments which will be... The procuring the... species of war which... ruins the country wh... rupting traffic which... commit the most un... to each other. On th... horrible cruelties are... Fetters and manacles... crowded in the hold o... sparingly administered... sick are thrown overb... The disease is rapid... epidemic, occasioned... slave ship, and those... are disposed of in th... its mortality. The despair of the... is dear, and enduring... against life itself, ind... and to cast themselves... eternity by any mean... Such are a few only... be properly presented... for themselves in rela... of the treaty referred... finally greater than s... lized nations. It is... compound of all hum... It has been asserted... of the United S... sentiment with those... to concede a qualifi... tion has the appear... when made by one w... all the facts, he shou... without the design of... let us draw informati... from any polluted c... through. During th... days, there being only... resolution: "Resolve... ted States be request... from time to time, s... four powers of Europ... expert for the eff... slave trade, and its u... under the laws of nat... zed world." It wou... absurd to deny thi... of the right of search... is far as related to... intended to operate i... racy under the laws... search, and impos... sation to hunt the cr... destroy him as the ene...

over the laws or nations, by the violence of the civilized world." It would not be speaking rashly to call it absurd to deny this procedure to be a concession of the right of search in its most enlarged character, as far as related to the subject matter on which it was intended to operate; because constituting an act piracy under the laws of nations, involves the right of search, and imposes on the world the legitimate obligation to hunt the criminal; on every wave, and to destroy him as the enemy of mankind.

should be entirely, and ought to be, brought to a close. There are, however, being brought forth, in this country, our interest is, however, directly connected in the event by more particular considerations. If the slave trade shall be abolished, Africa will become one of the great mart in the world for foreign manufactures and we, with Great Britain, shall participate in valuable advantages. It is possible that this may be the true secret of British policy; but whether it be so or not it is a motive of great importance to any commercial

Have climates changed?—The thunder gusts which passed over this city the last week, and which was accompanied in this hyperborean clime by a warm rain, is stated to have poured down in

has just received a consignment of Birmingham Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Lin-
caster, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.
Orders for any quantity executed at short
notice. Feb. 13. — H 21

HOME.

I love to hear, at midnight eve,
The thrush's plaintive tone,
And still to wend on my way
When the last note is done.

I love to see the misty moon,
And cross the gully hill,
And wind the darkness homeward lane
When all is hushed and still.

From way thus distant, lone and late,
How sweet it is to come,
And, leaving all behind so drear,
Approach our pleasant home.

While every lowly lattice shines
Along the village street,
Where round the blazing fire,
The cheerful household meet!

And passing by each friendly door,
At length we reach our own—
And find the smile of kindred love
More kind by absence grown.

To sit beside the fire, and hear
The threatening storm come on—
And think upon the dreary way,
And traveller alone.

To see the social tea prepared,
And hear the kettle's hum,
And still, repeated from each tongue—
"How glad we are you're come."

To sip our tea, to laugh and chat,
With heartiest social mirth,
And think no spot in all the world
Like our own pleasant hearth.

THE DESTRUCTION AT PEYSCOTT FALLS.

The Androscoggin river issues from a chain of lakes in the North Western part of the State of Maine, bearing the same relation to its stream, as do the inland seas of our Canadian boundary, to the majestic stream of the St. Lawrence. Seeking a passage to the ocean, it pours out in a direction towards the West. Then it turns South and pursues a direct course till it meets a mountain barrier, when it again changes its channel, flowing Eastward for the distance of nearly fifty miles, between ranges of hills which close down upon its path, leaving only space enough for the stream and the intervals. At length, it finds an outlet among the mountains, and after traversing a long extent of country and scattering fertility along its banks, joins its tributary waters to those of the sea. But, this circuitous course is impeded by many obstructions. Near the present village of Lewiston, the waters are precipitated over a mass of rocks, stretched across the channel. They do not rush in one broad and unbroken sheet over the edge, but tumbling from ledge to ledge, are dashed into foam, and rainbows are painted on the spray rising from their commotion. Here was a scene of remarkable desolation to the savages, and this the spot of the entire destruction of a once flourishing nation.

The Rockemeg tribe, (if we do not misremember the name) were formerly settled many miles above these Falls. The site of their settlement was chosen with admirable taste and judgment. The wide plain receded from the margin of the River, and spread into a rich and beautiful interval. The fertility of the alluvial soil, exhausted by the luxuriant growth of the maize, was restored and revived by the deposits of the annual floods. The stream glided tranquilly by, with a clear and gentle current, and supplied with food those whose wigwags were on its borders. The rude implements of agriculture, the vessels of culinary art, and the bones of the former tenants and owners of the land are frequently disinterred in the places of their ancient habitation. In this situation the tribe was established. Remote from the scene of that warfare, waged by their countrymen against the White intruders in the Eastern country, they had shared little in the adventures of the contest, and had escaped from its devastating effects. Their strength was reserved for an enterprise destined to be fatal in its termination.

The irritation that prevailed among the red men, and prompted them taking up the war hatchet, had extended to the warriors of this retired clan. About the year 1683 an expedition was projected against the village of Brunswick, then in its infancy. Apprised of its feeble and almost defenceless state, the savages justly expected that it would fall an easy prey to their overpowering force. To the keen desire of revenge, was added the hope of a rich plunder, and so firm was their confidence, that they resolved to abandon their own settlement, while they paid a bloody visit to the white planters. After celebrating according to olden custom, the rites to propitiate the malignant deities they worshipped, they embarked themselves and their families in their canoes. Their furniture, and their simple riches were deposited in places of safety and concealment, and the men, the women and the children were floated down the stream. The shadows of evening fell upon the River before they arrived at the Falls. They sent two of their company forward to kindle fires upon the shore just above the rocks, that they might rest during the night, to recruit their strength for the morning work of destruction. From mistake, or treachery, or for some untold reason, the fires were lighted below, and the blaze gleamed up among the Pines at the foot of the descent. The fleet came on, and deceived by the signal, the warriors were carried into the swift current, where no human power could save, before the error was discovered. A resistless tide bore them onward; and they had scarce time to raise the death song, before the fearless warriors and the timid women, the young and the old, the strong and the weak, were hurled over the cataract. The pride and the population of a whole tribe perished from existence, and the cries of agony

were lost in the uproar of the waters. The lifeless corpses of the destroyers were borne on the waves of their native river, by that town, they had devoted to spoil and to the flames, and its inhabitants had abundant cause of gratitude to that overruling Providence which had interposed to preserve them from murder or from a hopeless captivity. Of all who went forth with the certainty of success, save the two who occasioned the disaster, none escaped to tell the tale of ruin.

The reverend historians of the period have not given any account of this event in their annals. It rests upon the authority of traditions, preserved in the neighborhood of its occurrence; and if any fact can be established by the multitude of those who testify for its truth, or confirmed by corroborating evidence, this may be received as certain.

On the hills near the Falls, there once were large and populous settlements. These were surprised and exterminated by the English soldiers. On the field of slaughter the bones of the slain are often ploughed up, and military implements of curious workmanship, rusted and broken, are frequently discovered. The marks of the fires of their camps are still visible, and shells, the remains of former feasts, are strewn around.—*National Egit.*

From the Adventures of Hajji Baba.

In the reign of Caliph Haroon Al Raschid, of happy memory, lived in the city of Bagdad, a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head and trim a beard and whiskers with his eyes blind folded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad, who did not employ him, and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head, whose master was not at least a Bey or an Aga. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad, and as his shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale. It happened one day, that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his ass: Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words: "for all the wood that is on the ass."

The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. "You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber; "I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain—that was our agreement." "How," said the other in amazement, "whoever heard of such a bargain—is it possible?" In short, after many words and much altercation the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the Cadi, and stated his griefs; the Cadi was one of the barber's customers and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter applied to a higher Judge; he also patronised Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the Mufti himself, who having pondered over the question, whilst he sipped half a dozen cups of coffee and smoked as many pipes, at length settled, that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran, and therefore he must put up with his loss. The wood-cutter was not disheartened, but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the Caliph in person, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The Caliph's punctuality in reading petitions is well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called into his presence. When he had approached the Caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground, and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case. "Friend," said the Caliph, "the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words; the former must have its course, or it is nothing; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood; but"—then calling the wood-cutter close to him the Caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he and a companion of his, from the country, might enjoy the dexterity of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. "He is just standing without here," said the other, "and he shall come in presently." Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by a halter. "This is my companion, said he, and you must shave him." "Shave him?" exclaimed the barber, it is the greatest surprise: "it is enough that I have consented to detrain myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? away with you, or I'll send you both to Jehannam; and forthwith drove them out of the shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the Caliph, and related his case. "Tis well," said the commander of the Faithful, "bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant."—he exclaimed to one of his officers; and the barber soon stood before him. Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the Caliph to the barber; "was not that your agreement?" Ali, kissing the ground, answered, "Tis true, O Caliph, that such was our agree-

ment; but who ever made a companion of an ass before? or who ever thought of treating it like a true believer?" "You may say right," said the Caliph, "but at the same time, who ever thought of fastening upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences." The barber was then obliged to prepare a large quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in presence of the Caliph and of the Court, while he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of the bystanders. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the Commander of the Faithful.

From the Grafton Journal.

ART OF PRINTING.

Among the many noble works of man, the multiplicity of his inventions, and the peculiar faculty he has for searching into "things unseen," the invention of printing is second to none of them. There are many things worth striving for, but knowledge is the basis on which man must rest his hopes. Let a man be destitute of knowledge, and surely, he may with propriety be called ignorant. It is for the want of knowledge, that the Savage of the forest is prone to the machinations of fancy—led to the worship of idols, and to form such romantic ideas of the Deity. Being destitute of books, whose authors have recorded the transactions of ages, and treated upon the phenomenon of nature, he has no guide to direct him in the path of virtue, and to the felicity in which man can participate, by a strict observance of the duties of religion. There might be, it is true, many ways and means instituted to facilitate man in the advancement of literature. But what could substitute the art of printing? What will render his progress more easy? This must be decided by experience—that is, live in a country where printing is unknown, and where a printed book never made its appearance.

When we contemplate the natural genius of man, the faculty with which the Almighty has endowed him to act for himself—and the ability invested him with, it would appear somewhat strange to us that the art of printing should have remained so long undiscovered—that centuries should roll around and yet man should not invent some speedy remedy to aid the progress of literature, and polish the manners of the unlearned.—That he should so long be obliged to consume the "midnight oil" in pouring over his illegible manuscript, when the fair, visible print, would so much contribute to the ease of his reading.

From authentic accounts, printing was invented by L. Koster, at Harlem, in Holland, in the year 1440. It has received great improvement within a century, and great improvements are still making; and we have reason to believe, for a century to come, what is now called "beautiful print," will appear as inferior as the printing a century ago does when compared with this at the present day.

The encouragement of the Press cannot be too extensively solicited—for from it issues the "rights of man"—the works of Poets—the labors of historians, and the news of the times. How could the Bible, the sure guide to felicity, be circulated, were it not for the invention of printing? Where are millions in circulation now, undoubtedly there would not be ten; and indeed could it be circulated in manuscript there would be many incapable of reading, and vast many unable to purchase it, because of the great price which it necessarily must cost. But by the means of printing a book of six hundred pages can be afforded for the small sum of two dollars; and a thousand copies in the same proportion. Thus it is that printing facilitates the labor of man, and lessens the expense for knowledge.—And it is by the invention of printing that the world is so amply furnished with books. All classes can be accommodated with the book that suits their fancy. News-papers, Magazines, and Pamphlets are circulated through all countries and contain information for the religious, the profane, the poet, the historian, the agriculturalist, and the mechanic.—The weary Farmer,

"Robust with labor, and by custom steel'd
To every casualty of life,"

returns home at eve, cheered by the happy circle of his family, and while revelling in the felicity of domestic conversation, spies the "News-Boy" at his door, bearing the object of his wishes—the news-paper; in this he finds subjects for conversations and secret ruminations: in this he learns whether nations are at war or peace; who is the best man for office, and who fills it with integrity; what are the most useful methods for agriculture, and what subverts the interests of nations, &c. &c.

To enter minutely into the utility of printing, and give a particular account of its invention, would occupy too much room in your paper, and exceed the bounds I limited myself when I commenced writing—but all have a sense of its importance and therefore little need be said to prove it.

Green Monkeys of South America.—An English officer, serving in the Colombian army gives the following particulars of the Green Monkeys of South America: By night the trees were visited by groups of green monkeys, who kept up such horrid chattering as prevented our enjoying a single moment's repose until day, when we were beset by immense flocks of parrots, parakeets and macaws, more noisy than our nocturnal visitors. I had an opportunity of witnessing the ingenuity and cunning of the Indian guides, one who proposed to rid us of the monkeys provided he got a handsome penknife as a reward. He went outside the trees with a

bottle, in which he put some peas: putting down his fingers now and then, he took out some which he ate with seeming satisfaction; leaving a few strewn around, he retired; and the monkeys who are very minute in their observance of man's actions, descended very cautiously, and having found some of the peas, a quarrel ensued; but one, more crafty than the rest, peeped into the bottle, and determined to secure a good handful, thrust down his hand, and filling it he set up a titter, as he found he could not withdraw his hand. The Indian now ran and secured him, and all the tribe fled from branch to branch in evident agitation.—Part of an old red jacket being procured, all hands went to work to make him a new suit of clothes, and after being dressed, he was let loose in the branch, among his astonished companions, who collected round him, and, gazing on him with curiosity for about five minutes, a busy scene ensued; the other monkeys plucking branches and flogging the soldier monkey, who jumped from branch to branch, pursued by the whole commonwealth of monkeys, until they were out of sight. Thus the Indian rid us of those pests.

We daily saw different tribes, perhaps three tribes of different colors in one day; some were very mischievous, throwing pistachios, limes and other fruits, at us. Our women rode on donkeys, one of which getting tired, and as beating would not make him go, he was abandoned; the monkeys, as usual, were attentive spectators, and seeing the donkey left, they descended to have a ride; three or four dozen mounted together, on his ears, neck and every other part, and even two clung to his tail, while the others whipped and scratched him. The donkey frightened by his novel treatment acquired new speed, and began cantering, while his pursuers as nimbly plied him until he came up to our rear, braying. The monkeys now abandoned him, so dreadfully scratched and torn, that he never attempted to stop afterwards.

ANECDOTES.

Consolation.—The Captain of an English vessel once sailed from Cadix with a number of passengers on board, and among the rest a Frenchman, who very anxiously expressed his fear lest the ship should be taken by the cruisers which at that time infested those seas, and many of them were of superior force. "Don't alarm yourself, my worthy," said the British tar, "for before I'd suffer my ship to fall into their hands, I'd blow her up in the air."

A lady meeting in the street a gentleman who was frightfully ugly, took him by the hand, and led him to the shop of a statuary, to whom she said, "just like this," and departed. The gentleman astonished, asked the meaning of this; the statuary answered, "lady has employed me to make the figure of the devil, and as I had no model she promised to bring me one."

It is said the celebrated Dr. Mitchell, one day travelling in the stage, and happening to be the only passenger, was very sociable with the driver, asking him many questions, some of which were by the driver considered rather philosophical and not a little puzzling. The "knight of the whip in turn, put the following question to the learned doctor: "Why, Sir, do white sheep eat more than black sheep?" "Indeed," said the doctor, "I was not aware they did;" but he was proceeding in a philosophical manner to account for the difference, by supposing the white sheep had less oil in their fleeces than the black sheep: "You are not right, Sir," said John. "Pray, my friend, said the doctor, after a few minutes' reflection, "can you tell, or I can, Sir; there is more of them!"

Anecdote.—(From a Jamaica Paper).—During the war (1769) a sailor went to Mr. AlLaren, a watchmaker, who then resided in King-street, and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repairs of it would come to. Mr. AlLaren reviewing it, said it would cost him more to repair than the original purchase. "I don't mind it," said the tar, "I will give even a double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch!" "What might you have given for the watch?" said the watchmaker. "Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it, and if you will repair it I will give you two."

Sporting Anecdote.—Some sportsmen in Cumberland, having come to that part of the chase which is called a check, inquired of a country lad if he had seen the hare go that way. After grinning and scratching his head, he asked, Had her a bonny back? Yes, (sincerely) Had her long legs? Yes, yes, (impatiently) Had her big ears? Yes, yes, yes, (violently) Had her a bit of white under her tail? Yes—have you seen her? No, no, have you seen her?

A young sea nymph of Folkestone, England, whose father obtained a livelihood by ploughing the lay deep, was asked in October last, if she knew the seasons of the year. The girl very readily replied: "Yes, there are four—the Cheeked Season, the Whiting Season, the Herring Season, and the Trouting Season."

Dean Swift being once on a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night; in the morning the Dean called for his boots, the servant took them to him uncleaned. "How is this, Tom?" said he, my boots are not cleaned?" "No, Sir," said Tom, "as you were going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again." "Very well," returned the Dean, "go and get the horses ready." In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlady not to let Tom have any breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready, and on being told they were, desired Tom to bring them. "I have not yet had my breakfast, Sir," said Tom. No matter for that, said the Dean, (looking at his dirty boots) "If you had, you would soon be hungry again."

A Sporting Anecdote.—An anecdote is related of the late Sir Wm. of Gloucestershire, a justice of the peace, and a great sportsman, who when attending the funeral of his wife, arrayed in all the pomp of woe, and seemingly torpid with sorrow, was suddenly roused from his grief by the starting of a hare, which he immediately threw down his cloak and other accoutrements, and hallooing to his greyhounds, pursued his game. The hare being killed, he rejoined the procession, which had halted. "Come, Gentlemen," said he, "let us proceed with the remains of my dearest wife, and finish the sorrowful ceremony for which we are met."

Oxygen and Hydrogen.—A pedant being called upon to define these two gases, replied that oxygen was pure gin, and hydrogen gin and water.

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